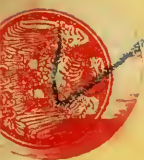


BITS OF BLUE



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BITS OF BLUE

BY

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WESLEY BISSONNETTE
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CHARLES H. KERR AND COMPANY
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THE
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1893

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BITS OF BLUE.

AN AUTUMN LYRIC

DRESSED in a sober drab and dreamy sweet
With shadowy, shy smiles,
Didst slide along on satin, silvery feet,
With lips of lavender in song-soft styles:—
So shy with shadowy smiles
In drab and dreamy dresses, sober-sweet.

Dressed in a dream of days,
Strange sleeper! bright in slumbery, soft
shades;
Dost streak the sky as with a silver sleep,
And web the world in skeiny sheens of
haze;
Gloom-fingered and gold-footed in the
glades,
Dressed dreamily, dost peep;
And darken in thy misty hair that fades,—
Cooling in purple braids,
Sleep-silvery songster of the shadowy days?

AN AUTUMN LYRIC

'Tis Autumn brown doth revel all abroad
Enriched with gilded leaves,
The which he yields unto the yellow sod
That purples proud, until it grayly
grieves;

Gay Autumn and his leaves,
That redden on the grass and golden sod
Lush laughter of the leaves!

A reveler is he in red and gold;
No whit afraid to tan his yellow curls
Mid buff-bronze cribs of corn and purple
sheaves,

With wine-warm cheeks ablush with
crimson cold

He glooms the nut-brown girls
Gold at his mellow heels, and then behold
Poor Autumn in the cold

With sober songs among his shy sweet
leaves!

Gray-green upon the hills he haunts no
more;

Faint-footed by the rills,
He withers now and all his gilding ore

AN AUTUMN LYRIC

Gleams wan and wasted on the wistful
hills:

Ghost-golden by the rills,
Gray-green upon the hills he wandered
o'er.

Thou art the psalmist sad,
Dear Autumn, deep in thy mute mellow
mood

Why wilt thou pine as though a dear desire
Haunted thee ever into music, mad
And melancholy in the old-gold wood?

Where is thy magic fire,
That flared thy fancies in the solitude,
Flaming through every feud,
And glaring grand in glooms and glimpses
glad?

And never now the music of the morn
Floods fanciful his flute;
And all the honeyed hollows of the horn
Once glad with glee and gold are
gushing mute:

The music of the flute
Eve echoes in the hollows of the horn.

AN AUTUMN LYRIC

Thus ever dost thou pine,

Thus ever in the fallow and the sere
On some sweet sorrow dearer day by day;
Deep as delight! ay; that dear death
of thine!

For this thy gold was garnered, for the
year,

The gentle year grown gray;
For his reward who brought the stranger
here—

Fond friend so dim and dear—
The dear dark death for whom thou dost
repine!

So shall I leave thee with the golden year!

With that fair friend of thine;
Dear Autumn, with thy darling, thy most
dear!

Her shadowy sunlit hair doth o'er thee
shine—

Thy dearest, thy divine
Dear death, that dreams upon the golden
bier!

THE GOLD-GIRL

I HAVE seen her never near,
Dreamer of the dim and dear
Dearest gold-girl of the year
 All the woodlands shaming,
From the green-gray into red
Where her saffron skirts were shed
 In a yellow flaming.

I have seen her curls nut-brown,
Dark and ruffled, thickly thrown
O'er her hazel shoulders down,—
 Breezy, buff and tanning,—
To her liquid limbs and zone,
Slender, supple, in a gown,
 Sunlit amber waning.

Once—her fingers faintly flare
Ripe and tan upon the fair
Ivory nuts enriching their

THE GOLD-GIRL

Gold and ebon graining;
Flushing brownly through the glare.
Of the maple leaves, the air
Her cheeks, redly staining.

Ay: and laughing looks between
Film-flushed foliage; dimly seen
Red-lipped through the golden green
Of the forest's flaring;
And her sweet eyes kissed and keen
Darkle thro' the purple sheen
Like cool violets staring.

Saw her black and breezy braids
In wet webs of silver shades,
Shine through shadow-smiling glades
Her fair flesh enchanting
Vaguely, as it were a maid's,
Who smiles starry as she fades,
Shyly in her haunting.

By a sober gold-wood way,
Shy and silent, saw her stray,
A sweet shadow of the day,
Loving leaves and wooing

THE GOLD-GIRL

All their purple to the gray ;
While the serious airs would say
Songs of her sweet cooing.

In the crisp and crimson corn
With a frosty fringe of morn
Round her rosy body worn
Saw her bloom and blossom ;—
Roses in the nut-brown corn ;
Ah, but soon the sun had shorn
Sheen thro' blush and bosom.

Where red apples on gray trees
Burn blush-blue—a bit of breeze,
Honey-heavy as blackbees :—
Was she mute or missing ?
Nay : but gilt the grass with lees—
Scarlet sun-stains tricked from these
By her wine-wild kissing.

When the breezes blithe began
Trickling thro' the golden tan,
Was it Zephyrus, the fan,
Trebling thoughts, and telling
All her prettiness to Pan.

THE GOLD-GIRL

Whose rare reeds in ripples ran
To his brown nut-shelling?

When the trees took tender bloom,—
Rose-red glory in the gloom,
Crimson in the silver spume,
Was Aurora blushing—
Fragrant in her flowery room,
Faint with all the fond perfume
Of Apollo's flushing?

What was this whereof I say,
Sight that never mortal may
See on any working day—
Beauty, boon or blessing?
Girl of gold or ghost of gray:
Who, ah, who, could ever say
If the world were guessing?

SINGERS

HARK! silver rill, so sweetly spill
The blue that brims thy bowl:
Spill out the laugh my love doth quaff—
The spikenard of my soul!
Sing sweetly, rill, to bud and bee,
That my dear love may sing to me.

Say budding breeze, whose tricklings
tease—
Wine filtered from a wire!—
Do thou blow by the sweetest sigh
Unto my soul's desire!
Sigh, little songs, sweet sorrows be,
That my dear love may sigh for me.

Say, yellow bee, O sunny bee,
The one that getteth honey,
From any bud the dew-drops stud,—
A golden strain and sunny!
Fetch strains of sun and spice, O bee,
My sweet love brings her soul to me.

A LYRIC OF JUNE

I see her where she sits,
Among green leaves, a maiden singing there
In love's melodious fits!
A girl of fresh white hue and yellow hair,
In her sweet maidenhood
Fanned faintly, till a woman pure and fair
Unfoldeth like a bud
Before a breeze of love;—but love, despair!
Thy warm pipes melt on air!
For back she blooms a girl;
Tempting herself into a maiden mood—
A singer with an eyelid and a curl!
And half white womanhood, and half
A dear wild girl—
The fairest of fresh things—
A sweet young face to pity, pout or laugh;
But now that fondly sings.

Shy silences in sweet blue summer noons!
To white maturities her lilies calm—
An essence of warm girlhood and soft
dreams—

A LYRIC OF JUNE

A dreamer fair and bland!
Faint languors of the night and florid
moons!

She swooneth like a dim delirious balm,
And like a blonde voluptuary seems,
With yellow curls, myrrh-fanned.

Ah, June,
Thou hast a decent and a drunken tune!
O thou bird-throated loon,
With love-lipped reeds adrip and breezy
bells;
One is a liquid tune—
A lyric silenced in sweet lilac smells,
And rich in restful spells,
That ripple like the singer unto the lolling
stops!

And one wild joy
Blown to the moon from mossy forest
tops:—
A gust of roses and of poppies fraught
With such enjoyment hot!—
More like the mad emotion of a boy
Than any blooming maiden's, white and
coy:—

A LYRIC OF JUNE

A maiden sober-sweet, and then
A shape of soft delirium in a dream
Art thou again,
And never art the thing that thou dost
seem!

Sweet sylvanist! sylph statued from a
bird!

Or slumberer in violets cool and thick;

O thou art but a word

For musing conjurers and idlers sad

Whose pipes are weak and sick:

Or some solution strained from bud and
bird

Heard, but unheard!

Though yet I see

Thou hast another method than the mad

Wild jubulance akin to mockery

That makes the greenwood glad!

I know thee in a mood

When thou dost pout and brood

Whole afternoons and gloat on lilies cold,

Pouting away the gold—

Thy life's rich fits of honey like too-sweet
food,

A LYRIC OF JUNE

By apple-sick, stale men profusely rolled :—
A winning girl lured by a pouting mood !

The golden pout
Of thy hot mood ooze musically out
Upon a slow, long, langorous tune ;
Dissolving lips that cause a balmy swoon
In gushing pipes of some melodious glee—
Reeds throbbing silverly :
There thy mad longing and sweet passion
soon,
Thy liquid fits of love too hot for thee
Lull slow and langorously
And dream like pure clouds swimming in
the moon.

Sing azure maiden, thus,
Thy best self back to us :
Melt passion's purple hue
From out the pallid blue
Of love and leave a lilac purity :
Leave August violet skies
To cloud cerulean eyes,
And dip her senses in a drowsy dream :
And in spiced stupors be

A LYRIC OF JUNE

And sunny luxury
And doze deep in the days her mellow mood
doth deem!

SUN-SONG

SUN, Sun, that falleth to the waning eves
What if thou diest, ere the mute to-mor-
row?

The year is fleeing, fading, like the leaves
And the gray days reveal a golden sorrow.
The leaves are dying and the days are dy-
ing:

The leaves of life are blown like autumn
leaves;

The sun hath set and where is he who
grieves.

The leaves have fallen, all on the fallen
grass;

All on the blown and fallen grasses
lying,

Life's leaves are dead forever: let it pass!
Gray o'er the golden sod the year is
dying:

SUN-SONG

Sun, Sun, that falleth to the waning eves:

 We fall with thee thatallest with the
 leaves;

Autumn hath come and Autumn will be
 going.

Sweet Autumn came; his dying was so
 dear;

 All o'er the gilded grass the year was
 graying;

Dear Autumn died, and fallen to the sere

 All in gray grass the golden year's de-
 caying,

Sun, Sun, that falleth to the waning eves;

 A leaf may go! and where is he who
 grieves?

Leaf, life and love and Autumn all are
 going.

AUTUMN ETCHINGS

THE sky is gray and on the world a gloom ;
The woods are gold and gray-green fields
forlorn
Gleam in the wan death of the wasted day.

THE leaves are red, (who cares for fallow
leaves?)
The golden buffs, the tan of brownish
yellow ;

The russet dusks, the cream of fairness
mellow
Are very dear, although they dream and
die.

Broad vales are brown below the barren
hills ;
And all the gold has withered in the
grass ;

AUTUMN ETCHINGS

The purple grass is gray upon the hills.

Nor chill nor wan, but shocks of the red
corn

Rich in tanned suns and baked with the
bronze fire,

And ivory nuts of ebon-colored desire
And flaring fruits grow friendly with the
world.

* * * * *

THE winds are wild and bitter are the trees :
The winds are still until they grieve no
more ;

And the weak rains are hushed by fallen
leaves.

There is a hush of sorrow in the air
There is a sound of sadness in the leaves ;
Sad year art thou, that like a palmer grieves

As if the magic of the tinsel noon
Gilding her gloom, left Autumn more
forlorn ;

As if her music was the lingering swoon
Gnarled in the golden hollows of a horn !

* * * * *

AUTUMN ETCHINGS

The red day
Dies in a rose of crimson, cloudy ripples;
Ay, from the dying day
The gold hath gone away;
Faint browns, soft lavenders, what other
shades
Have withered in the glades;
So hath the world grown gray

LEAF LYRICS

SPRING

BUDS of breezy spring,
Birds and breeze and blue;
Love in the lilacs sing,
Blue, blue, blue!
Buds of balmy blue
Breeze of beauty bring.

SUMMER

BLUSHES bright and bold
Like a girl in green;
Lush life of greenest gold,
Green, green, green!
Purple grass and pale;
Pansy passion old.

LEAF LYRICS

FALL

WORLD-WARD windy wings,
Gold-wings growing gray;
Bird-blight! the silence sings,
Gray, gray, gray!
Where the blue bird sings,
Swan-like shadows say.

L' ENVOI

BIRD and breeze of blue;
Grass of gold and green;
Left, love and life of you.
Gold girl, green!
Blithest blue hath been;
Gray is going, too.

HALF-TONE

THE sky is rainy and pale,
And gloomed in a glass of gray;
And dull-black blue-dark sheets
Of a sleep that slays the day.

Over the gray-green world
A gray-blue mist is still,
In a steel and satin sheen
Like a cloth of silver chill.

And the brown-red woods are gloomed;
And the waste-white fields are lorn;
Gray with the green gone out
In the dolorous dream of morn.

And the black-blue slopes are blurred;
And the pale-blue landscapes lay
Drab; with the dull, dark trees,
Black in the blur of gray,

HALF-TONE

And wild as the wandering birds;
Far as my fancies roam;
Over the waste world wide
What words are the haunting home:—

Cold as a coil of clay
In the chill and clime of night,
And the doom of dark decay
And the death of all delight.

ENCHANTMENT

OLD legends had I read in poesy;
Old curled tales antique in gnarled
rhyme,
Of witching spells and weird grotesquerie,
Dusk-dreams and tranced enchantments
in the time
Of drear astrologers in dread retreat
With witches bad and death moths
boding slow,
Haunting the twilight shades of long ago,
With sleepy gnomes and dim enchanters
sweet.

Oft had I heard of beauty's featured charm,
And oft of magic music's golden spell;
And sometimes felt; but never knew, the
staves
Were so divine to make the dolphins
swarm;—
Winning dominion with a silver shell,
Sweet Arion warbling o'er the purple
waves!

PHANTOMS

I am haunted by a flute,
Tender tones are never mute.
'Tis the musicallest reed
Ever sweetened from a weed.
Sings the silver of the breeze
Songs that trickle in the trees.
Melts the music of the morn
From hushed hollows of her horn.
Lips the laughter of the hills
In blue ripples of the rills.
Listens like the liquid swoon
Silenced in the purple noon.
Dreams the the deepest in a drowse
Ruffled bees disturb nor rouse.
Tempts me with a turtle's tune
Through the slumbery afternoon,

PHANTOMS

TINKLES twenty times, a cricket
Tangling trebles in a thicket,

Sorrows as mystic bird,
Melts a magical sweet word.

Muses melancholy, mad.
In the twilight starred and sad.

Hark! and hear; it mutters mute,
Silence sweeter than a lute.

Hush! and never now a noon
Sweetens in this solitude.

Thus in music, thus, or mute,
I am haunted by a flute.

Music of the mellow morn:
Magic of the marble horn.

Drowsy straws that spirt and swoon
Serene slumbers of the moon.

Tongues among the green and gold,—
Turtle's tales of twilight cold.

Ay; and songs of far and near,
Sweet and strangled in my ear.

Ay; and sounds in silver skies
Strained from shells of Paradise.

These and more of deep and dear

PHANTOMS

Lipped and lyred in mine ear.
Answer, music never mute,
Am I haunted by a flute?
These and more of deep and dear;
What is there I may not hear?

THE AUTUMN GRASS

IN this faint green a girl of gold doth gleam.

The grass-ghost gray,—

Gray-green beneath the yellow maple's
dream

Glares pale and withered in her gilding gay

The yellow reddens; for the maid hath
blushed

Pale-pink among the trees;

And all she feels in rose and gold is flushed

And glows upon the grass, and blooms
the breeze.

Ay; think not, thou, who grievest for the
grass,

Her beauty gay—

Her beauty gold and glowing may not pass

Nor purple the pale grass nor gild the
gray!

THE NAIAD-NIGHT

THE daffodil that dreams! thou, darling
dark,

Tinct by the magic moon-maid's gracious
glow;

Her marble roses, diamond-dewy, mark,
The white stars blow!

Dark with the dreams that shade in starry
smiles

Through pallid eyelids, pearly as with
myrrh,—

The swan-sweet silvery cloud-curles sleep
beguiles

To lavender.

The maiden sleepeth and her mind doth
dream;

Ah me, the light of love, the loveliness;—

THE NAIAD-NIGHT

The bloom of beauty in the blush and beam—
A god might guess!

She sleeps, the sleep in slow smiles spangled
o'er

The sweet-senescent shadow songs that
seem

Luted by lovely lips from long lost lore.—
The lilac gleam.

She dreams, a dream of visions vague
and bright

Desires and dawns, to lustrous lyres
set;

Praying, the purple pansy of the night
On some pale violet.

The mystic maid! May no dark dream
enfold:

Nor white-winged dawn, nor darling
dove of day;

But this delight of violet and gold,
Swan sleep away.

A MARBLE LAMP

It is a sphere of whiteness and of dew,—
A marble orb of pallid purity
Globed in a satin glass and washed anew
With phosphorous foam that filters radi-
antly
In lustrous lees of light like dreams of dew.

It is a lucid temple limned in light
By golden motes with glittering denizens :
It is an ivory fane whence shepards white,
Emerging faintly from those golden pens,
Watch all the gilded fleeces bland and bright
Roam from the meads of angels down to
men's.

It is an image of the mighty sun,
This mild and mellow orb of milky glass,—
A minute of an immortality—
Made by a hand it yet survives for one

A MARBLE LAMP

Long second—so, and then doth sweetly
pass

To that decay which yet must mildly be
For thee and all, fair image of the sun!

SPRING SKETCHES

YE pale disciples of the beautiful,
Worn whitely by the fair fleet-figured
thoughts
That faint and flutter dove-like, dreamily;
Pure, through the marble porches of the
mind;

If the sweet senses are acute no more
To snare the shadowy fragranciness of forms,
And that thy fingers feel the fairy skill
Fade fleetly :—O sweet painters fanciful,
Feed on the fragile fancies ere they fade:—

A glow of roses in the blush of morn,
And soon the roses open to the blush;

A purple pallor laves the lilac eve,
And soon the lilacs odorously bloom.

A cloud of blossoms sparkles out of trees,
And now a blossom flutters o'er the world,--

SPRING SKETCHES

The green and blue are mystically one ;
An artist melts in tree and grass and sky :—

The dales have fair and yellow buttercups,
And yellow buttercups have gilded bees :—

The fresh young lambs are whitened like
the cloud,
And all the clouds are purified like cream :—

The pale pink buds are fledged to carmine
blooms,
And all the birds are budding into song :—

The winds have sweetness like a gust of
spice,
The flavored voids of sweet and gushing
stops ;—

A shepardess has strayed among the hills,
And feeds with honey all the breed of flow-
ers :—

There comes a maiden white with yellow
curls
And they are dressed with dew and buds
and stars ;—

SPRING SKETCHES

A sweet musician in the gauze and strain
Of fingered cymbals, dimly lipping reeds.

She is a rosy priestess bibbing wine
From rills, and eating garland-foam for
 bread.

O what a birth of love,—the flowery babe;
And now she is a maid and loves herself;—

The innocent white months have felt her
 face
Glow whitely down, and they are mad for
 spring,

And she has kissed them till their hearts
 are red
As hers is red, and she is white for love.

AN IDYL IN BLUE

A LILAC liquor brims the white tureen
With fringing lips of marble cloud, spilled
o'er,
By the cerulean surplus, drenching more
With indigo the pallid lakes between
Where sails of spring haunt round the
sapphire shore.

Now is the globe of heaven glassed serene,
The sky is such a bowl of melted blue;
The temple and the trees, the white and
green,
Are sipping bibbers of the sapphire hue.

Almost the birds seem blue upon the wing;
The violet lamp of spring is lit to day
Nearly to purple:— O thou pallid spring,
Dost thou know this, that blue fades into
gray,

AN IDYL IN BLUE

Blue artist, though you hear but summer
sing?

TO A WILD DOVE

SWEET argonaut, with sky-gray wings
that fare.

On lavender and lily bays above:

Thou white-winged shell of song! O pal-
lid dove!

Thou slim and shapely sailor of the air!

Thou seraph style! Thou attic argosy!

Thou attitude, thou instance pale and
proud!

Thou marble mould of any satin cloud,
The spirit of the sculptor shaping thee!

Thou art an Argonaut more fair and free

Than any here and thou hast not the strife
Of starving mortals, thou hast liberty,
O artist, and the art that is thy life.

A TEMPLE OF SPRING

THE gracile clouds are fledged like feathers
there

And cloudy fledges blossom round the
blue,

Like flowery figures, o'er this dædal day:—

A violet vase imbloomed with tinctures
rare,

Moist roses and the sunlight and the dew,

At this white altar where few pilgrims
spare

To serve for aye, their virtue to renew

With its red wine, though they are weak
and gray!

More like a temple is the sky to-day,

With gold and myrrh, the lillies and the
wine!

And O ye votaries of beauty, say

A TEMPLE OF SPRING

Now wherefore are ye shut from the
divine,
In your own mortal temples frail and gray :
Leaving the birds and pipers here to play,
O stone-blind statues at a marble shrine?

VIOLETS

THE world is like a water color scene
That some fair artist paints with pallors
blue,
And tinctures spared from bowls of white
and green
To lend the lovely lavender their hue.

The sky is a sweet violet of spring;—
The beautiful imperial in the blue;
The world is like the moss beneath the dew,
The statue-stone that evermore doth sing
Sweetly, for beauty, too!

What if wild beauty lives no more to-day;
Melt not thy tears, fair sculptor, where it
sets;
Nor thou sweet artist raving at the gray,—
The sky is yet a vase of violets!

LILACS

THEY faded with the flowery fading days,
 Their birth made sweeter than the violets;
Nor did they spare in lavender decays
 Their lovelier amulets.

Too lovely and too sweetly born, too soon
 The odorous vials spilled; twas hardly
 mete
Fond love should so be cheated, though in
 June
 Their death was very sweet!

THE FAR CLOUDS

WHAT are ye there, wreathed flowery and
white

About the broad-orbed forehead of the
blue?

Are ye sweet shapes bred by his inmost sight
That his cerulean brows have budded
through?

White slumberers in the blue crystalline!

White shadows in the pallid amethyst;
Whose lillied dreams through all their slum-
bers shine

As though their feathery lids were lucent-
kissed

By marble liquids tintured fair and fine!

Sleep on and ever by that purple shore,
Ye satin slumber-shells of argentry;—
Ye waxen bowls of Morphean melody!

THE FAR CLOUDS

Swoon on, till deepest sleep is sleep no
more!

Spill from thy drowsy brims the slumber-
ous store

The music of thy dewy deepness free
In cooling quietude soft-swimming o'er
The flowery world of mortals on to me!

So could I dream forever but to feel
Thy fairy fingers o'er my eyelids faint
Melt the immortal curtains that conceal
What words may never paint!

But ye fan on, till this is like to thee,
Ye lucid fans with azure whiteness
plushed!

But ye fan on, though that may never be;
Fan on, for the warm world is never
hushed:

Wave on, fair fans! we only look and long
For a faint feather never wafted by,
Like some sweet shell dissolving in a song,
Dreaming of death and immortality,
Until the showy legends sleep in shade—
Fading and fading as all fancies fade—
Until we long to live and long to die.

MAGIC

THE ruffled god his anger 'gan relent

When music dripped like honey in his ears,
From the white hives of Hermes' ivory sent;
Then o'er the green and glittering slopes
they went—

The thief and he to hunt the golden
steers!

THE WORD

FROM the green and glorious woods;
From the golden solitudes;
 From the woodlands of the west:

From the forest's flaring fancies,
Dark and gold as purple pansies,
 That the birds impassion best:—

From the dewy deeps enchanted
By green sunsets grayly haunted,
 Mute and musical I heard;—

Like a music wild with folly,
Mystic, mad and melancholy,
 But the wonder of a word.

Haunted me through every olden
Alley, gray and grand and golden
 Of the green and ghostly woods.

Haunted me with harpings never

THE WORD

Hushed, as now it haunts me ever,
With its mad and mighty moods.

So my soul went rich and roaming
Through the gray and golden gloaming
Of the green and gloomy woods;

When a word that was a wonder,
My mad musing shore asunder,
In the mighty solitudes.

Its wild music haunts me ever,
Like a might that misses never
Magic in these mystic moods.

THE DAY-DREAM

THOUGH thou art pink with play,
Most modest maid art thou, O dream of
day;

Though proud as pansy night,
A soft sweet beauty reared in roses white,
And lured by lilac love to purple-gray,
Too gracile-sweet for sight;

Or paling in an amethystine myrrh
Thou dove of dreams and daisy of de-
light!

Thou darling daffodil, thou dove endeared!
Was never girl so gay!

How like a lucent nymph hath she ap-
peared

Tinct with the marble slumber where she
lay

Her blossom bare or in gray glosses bleared

THE DAY-DREAM

And lovely clouds of lustrous lavender :
 Idalian Day
Mild in the mellow mists of myrrh,
Mute with the marble slumber far away.

How doth she languish in the slumb'ry
 clear,
Streaking her whitest body with drab laces
And orbing in the dewy atmosphere,
Fair swan of silver spaces !

As if to feel the ether fond and faint
And blush to blisses at its bright embraces ;
As if to faint from all her features dear,
And fan her love beyond such rare restraint.

She is a virgin in white ivory,
Too pallid-pure to dip into the gold
And gild her limbs with delicate delight !
She is a maid of moistest modesty

Who doth her fairness fragrantly enfold
From the plush palmy pleasures of the sun,
Who still would kiss and kiss for sweet-
 est spite

What he doth madly mold,—
Her bare blonde beauties in his flush and
 flight :—

THE DAY-DREAM

Gold aquiline, the apples white, and won,
For a warm wooer, tender balmy bold;
Burning in his dark violet vault anon,—
The purple, panting, sweet, impassioned
night!

THE MAY-MAID

SHE is a slim-sheathed being, blossom-born ;
With gray gold gauzes stirring into sight,
Like misty dresses o'er the shadowy grass,
Swathing her limbs in skeins of slumb'ry
light,
Until the white hot sodder of the morn,
Swelling o'er all the silvery sluices bright
Seals the chill world in frosty wreaths of
glass.

* * * *

Whence came this flowery mortal we behold
In starred skirts all bud-bewildered,
bright,
With golden whiteness gleamed with whitest gold,
And all her lucent body laced in light

THE MAY-MAID

And white embroideries that plume and
press

Her budding beauties in their fairy fold,
Until they shimmer into satinsight
In plush-pouts pale from crystal wreaths
of dress?

She hath a lily for a silver horn,—
A milky shell, clear-tinct with diamond-
dew,
And marbled with moist strains that curd
and chill,
Embossing all the music of the morn,
Until her lips melt out a liquid thrill
Of zephyrs sweet and ditties sweet and
new!

Art thou that other, thou that winter-
white,—
That marble May, fledged with the feath-
ery herds
Of death-white myrrh who cometh now to
fright
The buds of spring?—but, no! thy face is
bright

THE MAY-MAID

With joyous June; and hark! what budding words

Haunt thy white bosom through green gauzes light,

Dreamed by delighted birds!

Ay; thou art like a lily fresh and sweet.

Thy bosoms are orb'd lilies plushed and pale;

Thou art a lily budding from thy feet

In gradual grace,—a turtle-sculptured tale
Of some immortal sweetness thou dost taste.

Thou art a lilac into whiteness kissed

By hyacinthine rains that sweetly sail

Splashed from the tiny stars of amethyst
And globing o'er the world in glasses pale!

But thou art best thyself, in flowery haste
Strewing the spangled buds like purple hail!

DREAM DAYS

SHY and sweet and mystical,
 Wining ways;
Sober, shadowy and still
 Homes of haze;
These I love—the lavender
 Dreams of days.

Drowsy, dark and slumbery;
 Cool and clear;
Wove in webs streaked silvery,
 Thou dost peer,
Pale through purple smiles and stars,
 Dreamy dear!

Green and gleaming with old gold;
 Strands of shade and shine,
That thy breezy braids infold,
 Trickle like wild wine:
One look liquid, long and mute
 Melts to mine!

DREAM DAYS

Gray and golden in the woods;
Gilded gray;
In the sober solitudes
Deep decay,
Darkens dearly thy mild moods,
Mellow May!

Songs as sharp as tears and tunes
Toll at morn;
Sighs! the amber afternoons
Flare forlorn
Fancies, as they flicker o'er
The crimson corn.

Yearnings of the yielding year
To the yellow leaf;
Sighings of a strange and sere
Shadowy grief;
Shades of silvery sadness o'er
The gold sheaf.

Dear are these, the dreamful days;
Days of dreams!
Smiling through the happy haze,
Breezy beams

DREAM DAYS

Of a blurred and beautiful
Song that seems:

Of a something starred in mists
Smile the shades,
Through the airy amethysts
Of gold glades,
Like the demon of my dreams
Ere she fades.

Dear are these, the dreamy days,
Days of dreams;
When from happy homes of haze
Something seems,
Dreaming like the darling demon
Of my dreams.

WORLD-WAY

THE fields were broad and green,
And now they are brown and flat;
The way of the fields of the world,
However you think of that.

And the woods were green-and-gold;
And the gold hath gone in the gray;
The way of the woods and the world,
The wistful world-wood way!

And the days that once were dreams,
Ah, the days are dark and deep;—
The way of the days of death,
With a song as strange as sleep.

For the clouds are over the blue,
Over every bit of the blue;—
The way of the winds of the world
That have nothing better to do!

WORLD-WAY

Ay, that is the way of the world,
And the way of the yearing years;
And the yielding life and the yellow leaf
And the thoughts that turn to tears.

And the fields were broad and green,
And now they are brown and flat;—
Not only the way of the fields of the world
However you think of that!

THE WAYSIDE MILL

Half-sunken to its shadow in the stream
That like a destiny doth dream anear,
It keeps a hoary vigil year by year,
Like a gray patriarch who aye doth seem
To pause and ponder on a lost regime
Through immemorial age, and not a tear
Of great regret or memory most dear
Survives upon the portals of his dream.

And death hath gone away, as half afraid
To lay his shadowy hand upon its dome;
The old domain of all the days decayed
Hath not a legend for death's utter tome;
Hath naught for death's demesne that here
hath stayed;
Here only haunting echoes have a home.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

SMILING in stars, with brilliance beautiful,
The night nymph darkens, like a sweet
surmise
Of some swan-spirit singing,
Sweeter than beauty unto earthly eyes.

Might and imagination, mystical—
The music of the mind: lo this doth seem
The muse-maid universal
Starring her songs and dying in the
dream.

Dying the death of dreams for one
desire,
Dearer than death, the diamond dark
above;
Tinct with eternity—the silence—stars—
Lo, like a thought of truth the night
I love.

THE DREAM YEAR

DREAMS are the days of gold in gloom and
glare;

They dream and die and soon the gold is
gone;

And the gray year in silvery shadowy hair
Faints in his foot-flare wan.

Fades, and his eyes are purple where they
peer,

Deep with the death that webs the world
in gray;

Flares faint into the yellow of the year
The gilded world away.

Shades with the shadowy star-smiles morn
doth brim:

Vague with the violet, vapory veils of
noon;

Duskswalnut-dark, with golden liquors dim

THE DREAM YEAR

In twilight's silvery swoon.

Ay, like a nut, it hath a kernel, too:—
A song of sweetness, though the shell is
sere;
Are not sweet sorrows and the dearer due
Of death thine, dreaming year?

IN AUTUMN

WHEN dying leaves gloom amberly,
And weak things sigh,
Upon the wind's shrill melody
And pine to die:

When pleading reeds are heard in hollows
old
And shrilly scare the moon,
And haggard grasses chiding at the cold
Are ruffled into tune:

When the last gilts of gloom are rained
forlorn
On hills grown grayly old;
And like strange sepulchers are shocks of
corn,
Sweet with the season's gold:

In yellow woods rich hazel hues are mild
And sweet nuts choke the shell;

IN AUTUMN

And the loud shrilling of the geese is wild
Above the amber chill.

When silvery meadows wear a purple down
With skirts of saffron spray;
And the blue summer's passionate death
Doth drown
Blue grapes till blue is gray:

When buff brown roamers feebly pipe
'mong hills,
Ruffling the leaves that sleep;—
The gray squirrels bark and by the pining
rills
Strange rabbits leap.

When wind woos wind and leaf hurls leaf
to sleep
And wild paths darken
And the gray stars in silver strangeness
peep
And grayly harken:

When thin-fleeced nights, clear, cool and
silvery,
And dim white hollows lone

IN AUTUMN

To lilac stars that melt in bluest glee
Dream a soft tone;

And gray owls strangely burst the pallid
dark

And like a frozen throat
The bare hollows wind-loud, pale and
stark

Boom back the barren note:

When dreary streams cry to the chill brown
trees,

In feeble swells,
And hollow reeds are blown upon the
breeze

Like tearful knells;

How like a gust of tears the marble rains

Rush from their cloudy spheres;

How soon dry age is quenched in tongue-
less pains

Poured from its heart of tears.

Sadly the leaves and airs of Autumn sing

Until they stir at last;

Sadly the rhymes of thought to dittying

IN AUTUMN

On sweet pipes of the past.

Sweetly a sense of sorrow swoons around,

O Autumn day divine ;

And a rich sadness swells without a sound

From thy sad heart to mine.

WHY, WIND?

Why dost thou mourn
So loud, O wind, and then so dimly ring,
And sweetly sing
To tree and star by the gray shore
Like some lorn Druid of a pristine morn
Whose words are muffled slumberously,
dying more and more?

Why dost thou dream
Despairingly in fits of melancholy,
Thy sweet rich sorrow holy,—
To ruffled rills and rimple silver swells
Of music from the marble-moulded
stream,
Whining a passion of shrill harps and plead-
ing shells?

Why dost thou muse
And to the sallow leaves so sadly rhyme,—

WHY, WIND?

As a dim chime
Stirred in the silver sculptured fern,
That doth the spangled shapes peruse
And sings a sacred ditty in an ancient urn?

Why dost thou chant
A marble serenade unto the sky,
And pause for no reply,—
As to bare censors the void pipes inquire
For stifled sweetness where stale savors
haunt
Around a hoary stair where swoons a
ghostly golden choir?

Why art thou sad
As when a Druid in green solitudes
So grayly broods
Like pining harps and silvery-ailing
shells:
Like hollow urns and reeds made music-mad;—
Thou sorrow, O thou symbol of her yearning
syllables?

What wouldst thou learn

WHY, WIND?

In thy shrill query unto bearded spheres,
Thy satin strain of tears?
Dost ask for some lost love? Dost blow
A pipe of love unto the orbs eterne,
That to thy strange distress no silver an-
swer glow?

Ah, thou dost sing
So drearily among the mossy trees
Those mad mysteries:—
Those songs unto the sands, those
words unsaid;
To muse, to ponder on while minutes
ring!
Ah, now I guess thy history of love grown
old or dead!

Ay, thou art growing
Old, and older growing, thou art weary,
Deaf and dreary,—
Wind and world of moss and mold;
Strings are stiff and pieces are older
blowing, going:—
Dying world; old age is dying and the
young grow old!

SUNSETS

SEE, where the racer wins the golden spirt ;
And see, gashed on the goal his body
faint,
Red in the gilded reek of his dim hurt ;
As if a Titian spilt a pot of paint.

How like a crimson rose the sunset dieth,
Bleeding its heart of all the purple wine ;
'Tis a red rose that in the lilacs lieth,
Flushing the pallid blooms with its decline.

Else doth it seem a scarlet poppy flamed
By some proud goddess who doth plushly
pout ;
Then is her brow by all its redness shamed
Until her golden fingers flare it out.

MIDNIGHT

THIS, to the dawn, doth like a lily swim;
In dew the emerald elves their eyes have
set,—
In this green crevice tinct with moonlight
dim,
Where, hark! a tree-toad faintly trebles
yet!

THE GODDESS OF SPRING

A SILVERY maid is stepping with a jar,—
A white immortal milking at the fountain
Of heaven, all the beauty and delight
Of moist and marble joy in sylph and star,
To pour it everywhere from cloud and
mountain
About the world and sky, in blue and
white.

So like a fair immortal when the trees
Shaping slim leaves like pallid shells of
light
Bud sweetly; and her flesh is dressed like
these
And greenly wreathed, although her
brows are white.

The sky is trickling blue o'er cloudy hills;
The breeze is blue among the trees and
soon

THE GODDESS OF SPRING

Sweetly the breezes ditty in the tune,
Dripping and sweet from seasonable quills

That swell upon her lips, or yet they
swoon

By golden leafage, all the lilac rills
Filling the nostrilled voids of budding June!

So white a singer in the sapphire shell

That seals the world like a cerulean vase;
What miracle is this that we who dwell
In its sweet scope so swiftly scan the
shell

And miss her mortal face?

Is she more like a goddess than a maid;—

A fair Pandora to this mortal breed
Gracing with flowery brides the race
of men?

But yet she seems a lily, all afraid

To dip into love's lavender, indeed,
Her whitest self, and so she pales
again

In marble love, a sweet immortal maid!

THE METEOR

SEE how the glassy stars are startled
sweetly

Even as this moth doth flutter into fame:
See how the golden beetle fareth fleetly
Drenched to the core with flimsy curls of
flame.

THE SLEEPING STATUE

WAKEN, my singer, when all souls awaken
Unto a song, the cymballing of spring:—
Spring! the immortal singer, though yet
forsaken
Of her green leaves:—the piping is so
sweet!

Rise from thy darling dreams, white reed,
and sing!

Waken, thou Bud! the blossoms all awaken,
With dewy eyes, and thou hast eyes of
dew;
Cool kisses of the breeze are sweetly shaken,
And purple buds are spangled o'er thy
feet;
And over me thy beauty buds anew!

The buds are sweet, and the sweet birds
are budding

THE SLEEPING STATUE

Their vernal ditties into leaves of song :
And like wild leaves the swallows shrill
are scudding

Through the slim breezes piping to the
trees :

Let thy young leaves, O love, sprout sweet
and strong.

Up from the dew like gold of all the
grasses,

Faint bees and butterflies do fleetly sail :
Fair from the azure amethystine glasses

Clouds of fresh flutterers are hailing these !
And at my voice, arise, sweet statue pale !

Waken, O voice, these are the days of sing-
ing !

Mute music ! O melodious marble, sing !
And reed-lipped birds like shapely ditties,
winging ;

But they are wild and shrill and thou art
sweet.

Sweeter art thou than all the songs of
spring !

THE SLEEPING STATUE

Spring hath a reed the dreaming buds to
waken ;

O thou, fair flutist, sweeter than the
spring,

Thou hast a song,—my soul is here forsaken .

In the green spring: O melodist most
sweet,

Gold as thy glad, dear dreams, white swan,
O sing!

NIGHT SOUNDS

WAS that a fairy fainting and forlorn
Or fleeting fairly o'er the forest wild,
Scared by a dreamy gnome with moonlight
horn,—
Or but the yearning of a weary child?

THE NIGHT-NYMPH

Lo, like a lotus of the mystic stream,
Like a red lily glowing from the dark :
Blest with the emerald dew of stars that
beam

Wan from their temples ;—mark,

Pure as a woman hushed in some old room
Hidden in Egypt like a ruby rare,
The night disrobes and not a blush or bloom
Doth warm the ivory fair !

Lo the lily stares,

Darkened wild and wan ;

O and the ruby glares

Chilled with its crimson gone !

Why palest thou, light lady beautiful,

As in a fear,

That some sweet lover, bad, undutiful,

Betrayed thee, dear ?

THE NIGHT-NYMPH

'Tis sorrow's smile that softens thy sweet
eyes,—

Sweet eyes that smile senescent stars
of light,

To lead lost love unto thee in the skies
From its proud passion for the nadir
night,

From its dear demon, death, the dark
delight!

Lost love that lingers in a world of
gloom;

Long love alone that plumes and pines
and dies,

Even as its tears are marbled on the
tomb—

Tears that are thine, the syballic, sweet
eyes,

Soft with the sorrow, lustrous with
the light

Of liquid love, and smiling from thy
skies;—

Sweet stars of Paradise,—

Upon the orb thou lovest, liquid night.

Is that thy sorrow, dear,

THE NIGHT-NYMPH

Longing for the lost;
Thine the sighs I hear
Tenderly tossed?

How are thine eyes so clear
Beautiful and bright?—
Love-light in every tear,
Tears of love are light.

Sighs, and her silver hair
Strange in the breeze;
Shy songs! O anguished air!
Sweet Mercides!

Thou night of stars,
Dark mistress of shy smiles and shadowy,—
Ah, thou sweet shade of stars,
Dost woo the world, thou beauty,
deathfully;

Or peer so mortally beyond her bars,
Beyond the stars,—
Beyond the life of love where that may be
Lost in eternity?

Why wilt thou sweeten like a legend old
Upon this human heart that burns
below;

THE NIGHT-NYMPH

Old shadow of lost love that once did hold
The purple and the passion long ago?
Why dost thou wear the ivory ebony
Of dark pale brows, and why dost thou
beguile

With those looks luminous, so liquidly,
Unless that thou art she,
With that vague violet smile
Deepening immortally—
The dear, dark lily of old loving Nile?

‘Tis Cleopatra’s face
Of clear eternity,
Starved in a smile of sweet senescent grace
Shading through splendid space
On some orbéd Antony.

Pantest, sweet night, for one
Lost like a star;
Passionest, dear night for none
Sweeter than a star?
Deep death and thou art one
Loving a star;
Dark death, thou dearest one,
Pale Potiphar!

THE NIGHT-NYMPH

Dark death, dear death, thou loveliest,
my love,

Is that thy cool caressing of the breeze,
That stirs the slender skein of dreams
I wove

Of thee, with sweet and shapely
subtleties,

Until fair Dian dies, and bright above,—

Is that thy shadow, love,
And thy soft bosom tossing in the trees?

A DRYAD'S THOUGHT

Here may I sit, deep in my haunted home
Amid the silences that sweetly utter,
Mute melodies unto some gnarled gnome,
And moodful musings that in music mut-
ter
Until the leaves drip each a syrinx sweet!
Where'er the world might any satyr
roam
And hear the songs that these still reeds
repea*?

AN ALLEGORY

SWEET is the night of shadows and of
stars,—

Still as a swan doth swoon ;
So like a slim white swan with lilies laced
Shines the gold moon.

Soft as a song of silvery sweet smiles,
Sweet is the violet dark ;
So like a shy and shadowy violet
Gold pansies mark.

O daisy dark ! and tender with the tunes,
Trebled from tinkling trees ;
Rare ripples from the reeds of lovely loons
On the bright breeze ;

Lovely and lost in liquid loveliness,
Lit with the lilac love
Of legend-lamps of laughing lavender,—
Lode-stars above.

AN ALLEGORY

Stirs of the satin stillness of her dress ;
 Sounds strange-silvery ;
So soft a silence sheathes her silken stress,—
 The songster, she !

Pale, with the purple passion in his eyes—
 Pansies and violets :—
Long love-loops melting dewy diamond
 dreams
 Like amulets !

Melts the mute marble ! O the musical,
 The mad maturities !—
Pure pallid poem of a maiden muse
 Of mysteries !

Smiles and the shadows sweeten in her eyes,
 Smiling and fading far ;
Shining with smiles into the shadowy,
 Lo, like a star !

Panting no more for all the purple pools
 Lit with the lily's gold ;—
Lost lilac of old lovely Lebanon,
 O night of old !

A LOTUS JEWEL

This serene scope's an emerald malachite
Hidden for ages in the dark domain,—
The cloudy realm sealed and curtained tight
The black and marble vaults sunk deep
 amain
Beneath the bases of the pyramids,—
Where sables slumber did its dreams entomb
Until they swooned through her ivory lids,
And upward swam from gold and gloom
 to gloom.

Or could it be some dusky priest had
 found,—
Delving in olden Egypt in the sand
At the behests his pallid Isis frowned
For dread enchantments to inform a
 wand,—
An amber jewel in the golden ground,
Merging to magic night at his command

SONG

THE faded fields forlorn ;
 The sere and silver corn,
Wherein the weird winds mourn ;
 Their sighing shadow strays,—
The wan and wistful days.

The gold and saffron fields.
 Wherein the yellow yields
Unto the sober grays :
 The woodlands that were red
Flare dim ; strange leaves are shed—
 The sweet and serious grays—
Wild songs of woodland ways.

Haply we may not spare
 One hope from one despair,
Sweet soul ! My spring !
 Though the young year yields
The gold and saffron fields
 Unto the stranger there,
I'll hear thee sing !

SONG

Sing, though the stranger sad
Is gray, and all the glad
Gold of thy music then
Will gild the leaves with green
And sweeten the strange sheen
Of Autumn sober-clad!
The gray wood green again
The greenwood glad!

However we dream it here,
Nor yield to the yellow year,
Some distant day, my dear,
We'll find the golden leaf;—
We'll find the silver sheaf.
Some day, dear!

A DAY OF AUTUMN

THE world is wan and the wind,
Ah, the wind is strange and shrill
With the tones of the golden grass—
Fallen gray and still!

And the grey hath grown in the sky;
And the golden greenwood ways,
So glad and green have withered
The gold to the gray of the days.

And the days are deep with the death,
And dark with a dream of doom;
Strange with sober shadows
That come with the gleam and gloom.

The fields are faint with the flare
Of the wan and wistful year—
Flaring and fading the fields of life
Faint in the frail and sere.

A DAY OF AUTUMN

And the songs that seemed so sweet,
Sung in the glad green spring,
Are shrill in the sound of the leaves
And sigh in the sheels that sing:

And the song that seemed so sweet,
The later,—the sweeter song,—
Of the golden leaf and the silver sheaf
Far-off and the long love, long;—

Ay, the dream with the death is dark,
And the song as the leaves are sere;
For a shadowy stranger came
With the shade and the silence, dear.

Ay, this is the golden leaf,
And the life and the leaf are gray;
We have found the silver sheaf,
Ah, dear, and the “distant day.”

THE SHADOW

SPRING

GLOSSES of gold hair
Whitest temples tease;
Lo, and limbs of lavender
Bloom the breeze!

From her dewy feet
In gray grass, the lark,
Sends long liquids shrill and sweet,
Hark, O hark!

Tis the shadow, she,
Singing sweetest spring;
Breezy, beautiful blue bee,
Sweet! O sing!

FALL

IN the green wood dark,
By the purple pool,

THE SHADOW

What wild whiteness streaketh stark,
Kissed and cool?

In the golden wood,
In the greenwood's gold;—
Softest swan-styles, brownly brood,—
Blush to bold.

'Tis the shadow, she,
Lovely as the lark;
Sweetest singing silently,
Hark, O hark!

UNDER THE GRASS

UNDER the golden grass,
Sweet;— and who would save
A soul from the sleep: ah me!
A goodly thing is the grave.

Good as the gold of life;
True as the tested tin;
Full as the fame is frail,
And worthier win.

Away from the winds of the world
A leaf of life let pass;
For the grave is a goodly thing
Under the golden grass.

Fair as the flowers are;
Sweet as the sleep is dear,
Long as the love-lost love:
Ah, who would hope him here.

THE WIZARD

STEPPED soberly as any maiden strays,
All silent-sweet in garments strange and
sere,
Skeining a silvery stillness for the days
And paling in the purple of the year;
The land was still; but soon her dreaming
dear
Sighed into songs and wreathed with
yellow bays
The old musician with an anthem drear—
The wierd wind haunted all the gilded
ways.

So magically, and with music mild
She charmed the golden world unto the
gray,—
Unto the death, with dreams as deep and
dear;

THE WIZARD

And sad it seemed that the enchanted
child,
Should be so sweet a demon, darling gay,
Tempting our love to trick us with a
tear.

A WINTER LYRIC

HOAR Winter neareth now and treadeth
like a stone

On world, on star, in stormy works of
sky ;

He broodeth like the dream, he wailleth
like the moan

Of some gnarled oak of age that pines to
die.

Oh thou, with shrill strings wild and hoary,
Stern strength of clouds and storm and
sea,

Roll to the stars thy marble story ;

And as thou singest, I'll sing to thee.

SONG

The storm is shrill,

O wailing wind ;

The stars are chill,

A WINTER LYRIC

But Rosalind
Laughs sweetly like a sweet blue rill,
Though star and wind
Are strange and chill.

The frost-teeth gnash among the trees ;
They scare the flocks and feathers wide ;
The chilly herds bleat in the breeze,
Like buds and birds that Mayward ride.

Dieth the gale
On feeble ears ;
The stars are frail
Through feeble tears,
And olden chords of passion fail
The ailing years
With foot-steps frail.

Strings sad and old,
The frosty strings,
Hoar ages mold
And winter rings
In hearts and urns of withered gold,
Where gray moss clings
And tones blow old.

A WINTER LYRIC

Stern seer, torn times with hoary rage,
He treadeth now in storm and scar;
Bleak symbol of impassioned age,
Of bearded Lear and bursting star!

Howl, haggard storm,
Shriek, song of age:
Thou canst not harm
With barren rage,
Nor choke my lamp with cold, nor warm
The stone of age,
Thou haggard storm!

Thy frosts may seem
The hoar of years,
The feathery stream
Of foam that clears
From June's blue bowl of cloudy cream;
Or pallid tears
Thy gray frosts seem.

Dark, silvery Druid! Priest of Tears!
Bite in my heart thy barbarous breath;
Thou musing ghost of all the years,
Pine on thy harp a dream of deat

A WINTER LYRIC

The storm is shrill,
And drear and old;
The stars are chill,
And clouds are cold,
Like ghostly wood-bards, gray and still,
When morn is tolled
By tempests shrill.

Thou whitest bard! thou art not old;
Young Winter! stranger of the skies!
Know Rosalind laughs through the cold
With the sweet summer in her eyes.

Burst, storm and star!
Roar, winter wind!
Thou canst but mar
Where looks are thinned!
Ay, withered Lear, at storm and scar
Laughs Rosalind—
Thou aged spar!

The frozen chill is on the trees,
And haggard Lear broods in the storm;
But Lear or Death! who cares for these?
Sweet Rosalind, thy heart is warm!

A WINTER LYRIC

Hoar winter, ay ; thou treadest like a stone,
 Scarring the trunks and gnarled boughs,
 thou art
A frosty scythe, I think ; but lamp or tone
 Thou canst not chill or sever in my heart.

THE END



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